

University Journal

ABSOLUTELY FREE

FINAL FINAL FINAL

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1980

MLA's behaviour modified

Bungler force-fed dog shit



A sure sign of spring

Young children cavorting by the river indicate that spring has returned to Edmonton. Johnny Ritten, of 13746 Riverdale Crescent, looks for some tadpoles down at Capital City

Park. Johnny, time for supper! Johnny? Johnny ... Oh well, boys will be boys.

Photo by Brian Gabilot.



Ron Cholesterol

Editor at Small

Andy Snadburn
c/o The University Journal
Students' Union Building
University of Alberta

Dear Andy:

Just a short note to thank you for letting me write my very own Editor-at-Small column.

I'm especially grateful because I know you'd never squeeze me out like that other unmentionable city newspaper. I know you know it's a big job being a small editor, and I'm going to do my best to live up to your example.

The only problem I'm having is deciding what to write about. There's just so many things

that a column like this could concern itself with. I could write about prostitution, beer prices or axe murderers, like I used to, but I'm afraid you might not like that.

Since this is my very first column maybe I should have some kind of classic opening. Maybe I should introduce myself. *Hi, I'm Ron Cholesterol, well-known Edmontonian broadcaster...* But that might sound a little presumptuous.

I could just start in with a piece of political commentary. *The recent federal mortgage interest deductibility scheme is silly and really doesn't ...* But that might be a little abrupt.

Hey wait a minute, I've got it. I could write open letters to people. That way readers who never get any mail could open mine. That would be nice, wouldn't it?

What do you think Andy?

It's a good idea isn't it? Yes it is! I know it is!

Yours gratefully,
Editor at Small
Ron Cholesterol

By WENDY CONEHEAD

An Alberta cabinet minister has been forced to eat shit and sleep in a doghouse.

The University Journal has learned that Social Services Minister Bob Bungler has been forced to eat dogshit by Premier Peter Lougheed.

At a press conference this morning the Premier made his position public. Bungler defended his conduct on the Peace River incident.

"If those poor kids up in Peace River can eat dog food, then Bungler can eat shit. In fact, he's been eating it ever since that story broke." "My opponents have overlooked many things in their vicious attempts to discredit me," he said.

"This should be the acid test for the aversion theory practiced by Peace River social workers," the Premier stated.

"Bungler has been getting us into shit ever since I appointed him last year.

"Maybe if he tries eating it for a while he'll be more cautious about sticking my nose in it."

Bungler refused to comment on the Premier's statements when contacted at his doghouse late this morning.

"I'm sure the Premier is very happy with the job I'm doing," he said.

"In fact, just the other day he congratulated me because my non-stop fuck-ups have kept the opposition off balance for months."



Bob Bungler

More SHIT Page A236

Something new for U

Starting today U of A students will be welcoming a campus newspaper designed specifically for them — *The University Journal*.

The University Journal will replace *The Gateway*.

The University Journal is a redesigned newspaper. While maintaining some similarities to its parent paper *The Edmonton Journal*, publisher G.O.D. Callahen said *The University Journal* is targeted at the average university student — young, Conservative and out to make a few quick bucks.

"I am extremely pleased to be able to lead students into the Eighties," said Callahen at a press conference Monday.

"Youth are the mainstay of our Alberta economy," he said. "He who controls the minds of the young holds the key to tomorrow."

Callahen said *The Journal*, to be published twice weekly, will feature conventional analyses of university, Canadian and international news as well as many local and syndicated columns.

Gateway editor Gordon Turtle has expressed solidarity with the aims of *The Journal*.

In a brief statement issued yesterday, he said *The Journal* would probably be more successful than *The Gateway* ever was.

"They're giving the students what they want," he said. "Now I can go listen to my Dylan albums."

Inside The Journal

Brown wins Disneyland primary.

— Page R2D2

Afghans invade Soviet Union.

— Page R2D2

More students liberate selves from Lister Hall.

— Page B1

City comes out for Christ after Journal front page.

Page A236

Folkies banned from SUB Theatre.

— Page XII

Stalin to visit U of A campus.

— Page XII

Urinal Games a waste.

— Page One.

University Journal

Published by the snake himself, Harvey G. Thomgirt,
in Never-Never Land (that's SUB for non-
insiders). Subscriptions? Get real!

G.O.D. O'CALLAHEN
Publisher

ANDY SNADBUM
Editor

Wednesday, April 16, 1980

Oil war heats up

Well, once again the Eastern hordes are at the gates. In yet another round in the endless oil war federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde has directed Petro-Canada to acquire full control of the Alberta Energy Company.

Now on the one hand, Mr. Lalonde *did* say he did not mean to offend Alberta by this action and he *did* promise to be a good boy, so we should avoid jumping to any hasty conclusions. On the other hand, the action does seem a bit provocative.

On the other hand, we all know that Premier Lougheed has continually manipulated the press during his feuds with the federal government to tighten his grip on power. On the other hand, the Central Canada-dominated Grits have shown repeatedly that they do not understand the West and will sell out its interests if necessary.

On the other hand, Albertans must remember they are Canadians first, that Confederation can only work if we negotiate in a spirit of trust and goodwill. On the other hand, you can't trust those Eastern bastards farther than you can throw them.

On the other hand — my head hurts. Oh screw it, let's go get pissed!

Campus fun

Gee, those students over at the uni are at it again.

Politics is a joke with those fun-loving kids, as seen during their recent elections. Keep it up kids.

Bogle appraisal

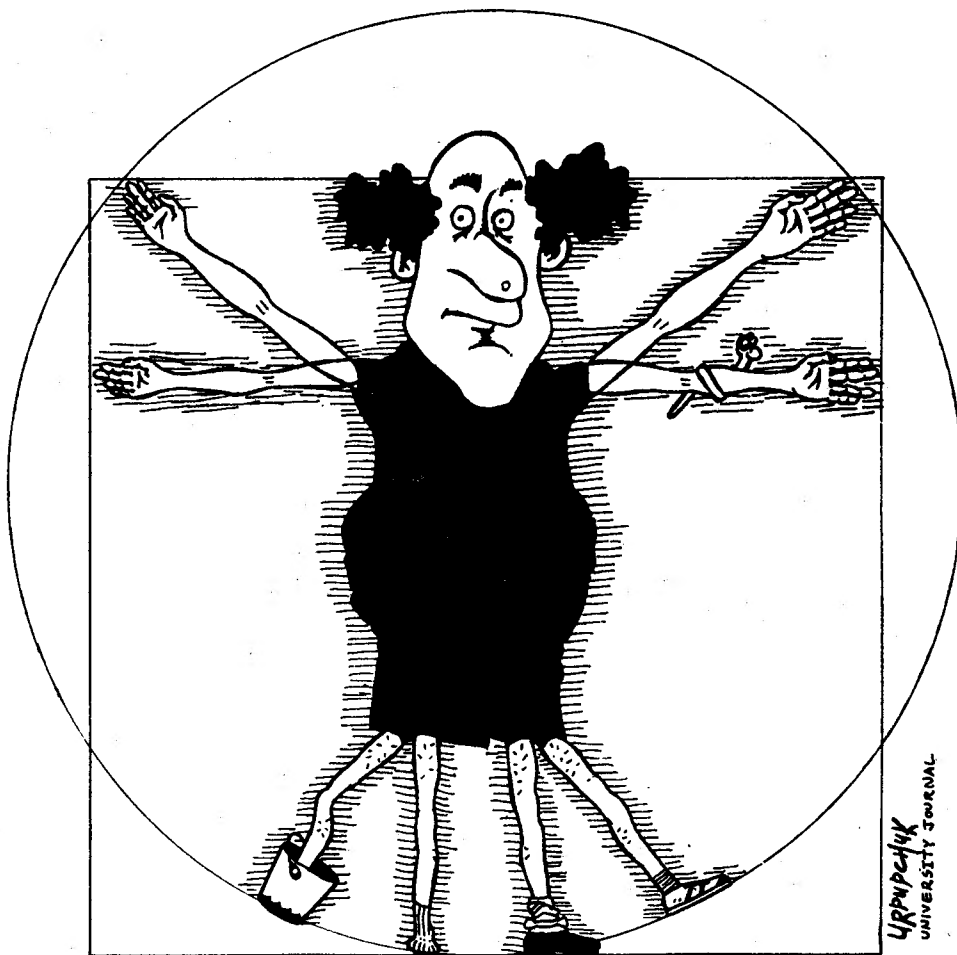
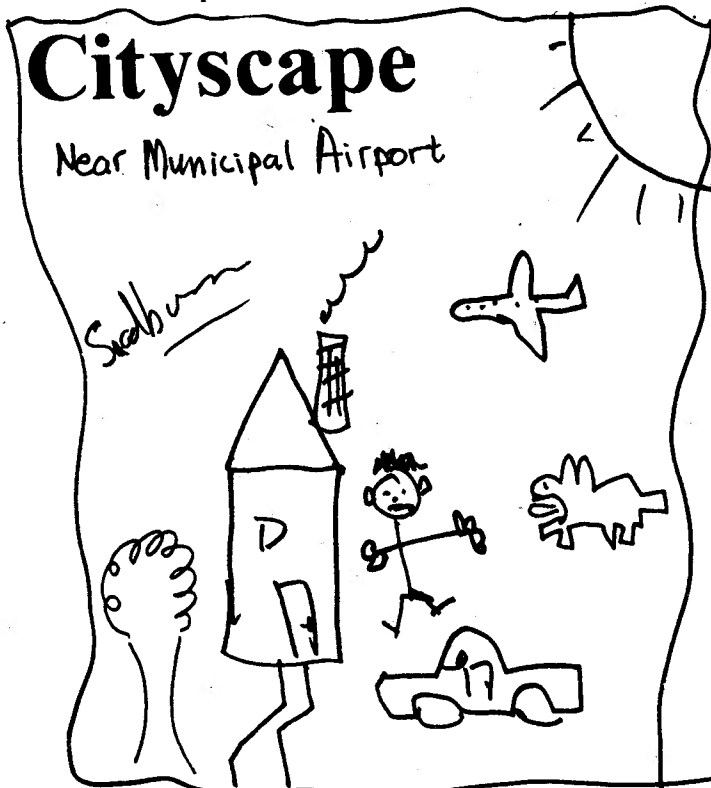
Bob Bogle is not doing a bad job, but then again, he's not doing so fucking hot a job either. He's okay. Sort of. Almost.

French question

Pierre is French, and that spells trouble for Canadians. Well, most Canadians, or at least, Canadians in western Canada. Some western Canadians anyway, but most certainly not all of them.

Ad Nauseum

QUOTE From Stephen Lewis, Ontario NDP hack: How many capitalists does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Five: One to turn the bulb and four to float the capital.



Journal cartoonist charged with plagiarism
after discovery of lost DaVinci sketchbook.

The pigs are all right

WILLIAM F. MUCKRAKER

A police constable in Toronto was recently hit on the ear by a missile fired from a pea-shooter belonging to an eight-year-old Portuguese delinquent. Meanwhile in Rocky Mountain House, police were criticized by a local radio station simply because they once referred to native people as "subhuman scum." Unrelated incidents perhaps, but they reflect a growing malaise in our society; the subversive, communist-motivated undermining of our police force, the only upholders of law, order and decency.

How much longer are we going to tolerate this? In my opinion, matters reached a head when a nationally televised TV debate between our three main party leaders (sic) degenerated into a condemnation of letter-opening by the RCMP. Letter writing is a serious business. I am not alone in thinking that an ideal system would see an RCMP office set up in every post office, where all letters could be carefully read (and censored if necessary) before being stamped and mailed. One never can tell with letters. Aunt Maude in Halifax could well turn out to be the latest Brezhnev ruse to subvert our society from within.

What role should the police have in our society? If one can manage to evade the sickening whining of society's "bleeding hearts," whose viewpoints have all the substance of a fart in a colander, then two distinct features emerge to anyone with an ounce of sense in his head (and that must include you, reader, otherwise you wouldn't be reading my profound and perceptive column, you'd be joining those other blockheads trying to fathom out the latest inane belches emanating from "Red" Eddie Spleen in the Sun).

The first function of a truly efficient police force is, of course to maintain law and order. However, this should not be limited to passively patrolling the streets. Commands should be issued for the police to shoot one person per day in each major city. This might be accomplished most effectively by waiting outside a not-too-salubrious bar (such as The Commercial

Hotel in Edmonton) and taking potshots at the pissheads as they stagger out into the night air. This policy would have the dual advantage of reducing the rate of drunken driving, for even if the beer-ridden sot should make it to his car, two or three bullet holes in his hat will have brought him to his senses.

The second role of the police should be to cleanse society of its dregs. No civilized resident of a city likes to see the sidewalks littered with vagrants who are too lazy to get a job or even to sew up the holes in their pants. I seethe with indignation every time I have to halt my Cadillac (or Rolls, depending on the day of the week) so that one of these slobs can manoeuvre his wretched bones across the road in order to reach the appropriate gutter. Is it right that one's children should be exposed to such horrors?

Purging society of its useless members might entail the construction of a few work camps, which could be staffed by police, and located at various points in the Northwest Territories. To be realistic, for such a system to be effective, the category of *untermenschen* would have to be extended to include those attempting to camouflage their activities behind respectable facades; social workers, trade unionists, postal workers, anthropology professors and NDP Members of Parliament. Such people should be rounded up and transported to the nearest camp.

My final point concerns punishment for offenders. How can our police possibly be expected to do a good job, or even be motivated, whilst capital punishment is kept off the statute books? Surely the greatest incentive to any ambitious police officer is to be able to witness the eyeballs of his latest victim popping out of their sockets as the rope tightens around his neck, to see his tongue do a u-turn around his right ear and to hiss at the hapless corpse "That's the end of you, you bastard." After all, it is not money which fulfills the soul of our illustrious custodians; no, their sole desire, like my own, is to see justice prevail.

Cook roasted again

I would like to clarify some remarks attributed to me by incoming Students' Union president Nolan Astley. I would be the last one to suggest that Mr. Astley has deliberately misled students into thinking that I stated the Univer-

sity of Alberta is "a fourth-rate institution with fourth-rate professors," but there does seem to be a communication gap between Mr. Astley and myself. While I may have intimated that the U of A does have some problems

with incompetent professors, my remarks about fourth-rate institutions were in the context of the University of Calgary. I hope that clarifies matters.

Rollie Cook
MLA

Sloser gets his own

WINKY SORESWELL

John Sloser, chairman of the U of A Board of Governors, won a hundred dollar bet with this columnist by drinking two pints of the spit remains of chewing tobacco. As part of the bet Sloser pledged not to throw up for after accomplishing the feat.

Sloser took up the gauntlet I had thrown him in an effort to publicize new fund-raising plans necessitated by government cutbacks to universities.

Unlike many of the spineless bureaucratic appointees of the Lougheed government, Sloser managed to convince other Board members that they should all endure sacrifices "for the sake of their great institution and their jobs."

Sloser unhesitatingly drank the murky tobacco excrement in front of about two hundred delegates at a conference on university funding in Canada.

However, Sloser did have some problems keeping the liquid down. He almost threw it up two or three times and I tried to psyche him into doing it. But after a while I figured he deserved the money.

"I told a bunch of the guys long ago that if you put your mind to something there is nothing you can't do," Sloser said. "Winky Soreswell over at *The Journal* gave me the opportunity to demonstrate just that to the Lougheed government."

"I'll drink anything to keep my job and my high public profile — I just hope the staff appreciates this!"

Sloser never did throw up, and said he felt fine, though the drool staining his teeth and chin.

No doubt, the man in the street, Mr. Average Albertan, will view Sloser's act as a watery response, indicative of his diluted attacks on government policy.

After all, it was my idea! I had to goad him into doing it! Can you imagine, chairman of the Board and everything ...

Will Sloser repeat his trick?

"For money, yeah," he said when asked. "A lot of the guys around the Board are kidding me, but nobody's putting up any money, because they know what I'm capable of. If the price is right, you bet I'll do it again."

What an Asshole!
Lougheed's new book

"Doing it Sideways; How I Brought the Orientals to Alberta," is the title of my new book. Type on the cover is slanted, just like my head. Drop into Griesbach and see the Vietnamese treasury.

Peter Lougheed
Affectionately known as
Oh Go Pooh
Somewhere at God's
Right Hand

Writer's Cramp

Wednesday, April 16, 1980. UNIVERSITY JOURNAL A3

Roy Fahrenheit



The self-righteous simpletons of the press are at it again. First they attacked that poor defenseless imbecile Mary Lemess over the Rolof Beny incident.

Then they went after Social Services Minister Bob Bungler over the Metis raid, the Westfield disaster and the Peace River fuck-up.

We all know these are the kind of minor gaffs that could happen to any junior minister.

They neglected to mention that Bungler had saved the province \$100 million by closing down hospitals, exiling unwed mothers and shipping orphans to Japan in exchange for clock radios.

At one brilliant stroke Bungler helped clear the province of undesirables and obtained important technical equipment to help keep our people alert and awake in the challenging years ahead.

And where are the words of praise from the bleeding heart press.



June Sheepdip

Over the holiday I enjoyed some intelligent conversation with some of my co-workers. Don't get me wrong, I usually do, but this time we talked about religion and not current events.

The existence of God is not a concept which requires blind faith, but simply a logical mind that is willing to accept the irrefutable evidence that abounds everywhere in our daily lives. This evidence not only proves God's existence, but other things about Him as well.

For example, we have all heard and read about various firms which produce a variety of computers capable of solving incredibly complex problems. These computers are the products of the best technological minds in Western civilization, and are sometimes the size of a city block, requiring maintenance and over-hauling by dozens of programmers and service personnel.

Yet the human brain, the very same one you and I were born with, is a hundred-thousand times more complex and the most sophisticated computer man has yet to build; and it is small enough to be held in your hands!

Now, it doesn't take blind faith to conclude from this that, not only does God exist, but that He is either Japanese or a multi-national.

What did you talk about over the holidays? You can write and tell me all about it, I don't want to miss a thing.

I suppose they'd be happier if he'd deplete our Heritage Trust Fund to supply Alberta with a decent standard of health care and social services.

But now they've gone too far.

Recent comments by *Edmonton Journal* columnist Don Brass about the Premier's new Attorney-General are inaccurate, libelous and only partly true.

The Shah of Iran will make an excellent legal watchdog for the province.

Surely he has proved his ability to maintain order even under difficult circumstances.

Mr. Brass has presented no documented evidence that the Shah and his officials treated political prisoners harshly in Iran. The truth is the Iranian people would love to have the Shah back.

Nor was the arrest and torture of suspected jaywalker Grant Notley an attempt at political harassment as Mr. Brass implies.

Police officers testified that the 'wait' light was clearly on when they found Notley's body lying in the cross walk at Jasper Avenue and 101 St. after he was questioned by Alberta secret police.

What further proof that Notley has been treated fairly can Mr. Brass possibly expect?

But let's face it.

Mr. Brass' connection with the New Democratic Party is known to all.

It's a disgrace that *The Edmonton Journal* continues to publish a column by an individual which is clearly nothing more than a puppet for a particular political party.

Jokes for cripples

How would you like to bring a smile to a crippled kid's face? Okay. Knock-knock. Who's there? Hogan. Hogan who? Hogan I knock when I'm quadraplegic? Haw haw, Jeez that kills me!

Minister of Social Services
R. (call me Bob) Bogle
Up Shit Creek, Alberta

P.S. There's just one more thing, about the *Journal* stories about me; they're sick. You know what I mean? Miss Conehead's accusations are the kinda think you wouldn't want your children to read because it could drive them mental. How would you like

your child to eat a can of dogfood, and it didn't work and she's left a mental cripple and doesn't even graduate from Ed., and she's just plain mental? I mean if you're normal and got children.

How to swear in 3 letters

Do you know a three letter word for prick? Give up? Y-O-U!
Honors Poli. Sci. Humour
Collective

Is sex okay?

Many people wonder, "What the hell does a big-time writer read in the john?" No doubt they assume that I read Shelley, Keats, Hemingway, or something else that's equally lofty and important. Well, actually I read an old battered guide to home meat cutting. Oh-oh! Gotto Go.

Keith Krause
Gateway Editor

Erma Bumpeck

As every housewife knows, it happens once a month. I'm not talking about that, heavens. I'm talking about that one day a month that all your lovers come over and expect you-know-what from you-know-who.

It happened to me last Friday. I'd just packed the kids off to school and my husband off to work when there was a knock on my door. Who was it but the milkman with my special order. Never mind that I was still in my bathrobe, my hair was a mess and the sink was full of breakfast dishes: we can't let his cream go sour, can we?

By the time I got my two quarts and heaved him out the door the front doorbell rang. It was the mailman with a special delivery. Neither rain nor hail nor sleet nor the fact I haven't done the wash yet can keep him from coming.

Well we all know the rest, don't we? The plumber came to snake out my pipes, the TV repairman came to work on my horizontal hold, a couple of policemen came to investigate a break and enter and I just didn't get around to my housework.

In fact I barely had time to get dressed before the kids got home from school. While they watched TV I had an hour to clean up the breakfast dishes and get dinner started before my husband got home. It was meatloaf again. But I swear: if he ever complains I'm going to tell him who the children's real fathers are.

Let's see now...I think I remember...

Pete Booster



The other day I met a friend of mine, Dean Dragger, who is in the commerce program at the U of A. When I asked him what was new, he told me that he had enrolled in a mail-order Money Management course guaranteed to teach the student how to make as much money as he wanted, no matter who high his desires!

"I was a bit skeptical at first," Dragger confided. "I remember once sending away for a \$24.95 kit to convert my black-and-white TV to color, and getting back a paint brush and a can of red paint."

"And of course I had just read how John D. Rockefeller Jr. had gotten fleeced by David Lamar, *The Wolf of Wall Street*. Believe me, I was cautious."

"But a few things changed my mind: first, instead of the usual plastic binder full of worthless lessons and a bonus cardboard slide rule for calculating mortgage payments (bargain-priced at \$207.50, tax-deductible), the course consisted of only one, small pamphlet. Sure, it cost \$15.00, but that's not much worse than an economics text, and it might be a lot more useful."

Second, the money-back guarantee seemed airtight. Third, if it was a racket I could expose the organization as a pack of scoundrels, preying on gullible innocents.

"But," he concluded triumphantly, "their method works!" Having perused the pamphlet Dragger loaned to me, I can only agree. Econoscam Educational Services, who put out the pamphlet, have come up with a foolproof moneymaker. It's called "not-purchasing."

The way "not-purchasing" works is this: say you spend about a dollar a day on cigarettes. That works out to approximately \$360 per year. If you "not-purchase" the cigarettes you collect that \$360. Every cent. You can also not-purchase cars, furniture, real estate, stocks, bonds, futures, commodities; anything. Almost always you get a 100 per cent return on the price of the item.

On rare occasions not-purchasing involves small expenses, but these are usually minimal. For instance, if you not-purchase a \$300-a-month apartment you will have to pay for a tent, camping gear and an occasional vagrancy fine, but the return on the investment is still close to \$3,600 a year. Quite a sum!

The fascinating thing is that there is no real limit to not-purchasing. After all, what is to stop you from not-purchasing \$300,000 worth of Imperial Oil stock? Reliable figures from Statistics Canada show, in fact, that 99.98 per cent of all Canadians are capable of not-purchasing such an amount!

Nor is the concept of not-purchasing hard to grasp; it is understandable even to people baffled by compound interest. And not-purchasing is easier than working at a dull job or selling bogus oil stock to confiding widows. In short, it beats retirement saving plans all to hell.

Remember the name: Econoscam.



NO, I'M NOT
PETER LOUGHEED
AND IF YOU THINK
THIS ISN'T FUNNY,
YOU SHOULD SEE
MY BABY PICTURES.

ITEM: ANONYMOUS
FIGURE MAKES
WAY INTO CARTOON

PASKIN '80.
THE UNIVERSITY JOURNAL



World Digested

Maggie true to form

NEW YORK (APE) — Margaret Trudeau has once again made waves by announcing on the Dick Cavett Show that over the last year and a half she has slept with the entire Harlem Globetrotter basketball team. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, already miffed over Trudeau's comments following her alleged affair with Lou Rawls, is outraged by the latest remarks.

According to Trudeau, the numerous progeny from this menage-a-tout will be sufficient "to fill a couple of NBA franchises, have at least one heavy-weight contender and form the meanest disco dance troupe this side of the Iron Curtain."

U.S. gives aid to Soviets

KABUL (CP) — A brief setback turned into a stunning rout Monday when Afghan tanks crossed the Soviet border into Uzbekistan.

The invasion of the Soviet Union marked a sudden reversal in the four-month old war in Afghanistan. Reports of Moslem insurrections in support of the Afghans in Uzbekistan were denied today by the official Soviet news agency TASS.

Meanwhile, in a surprise move, U.S. President Jimmy Carter announced he was sending military and economic aid to the Soviets.

"This invasion is the gravest threat to world peace since World War II, and Ah believe the American government has a duty to intervene," said Carter. "Besides, we've pushed the Russkies around long enough, and I think it's about time someone gave them a break."

Hopes for Tito improve, say doctors

BELGRADE (REUTERS) — Hopes for the recovery of Yugoslav President Tito took a dramatic turn for the better Tuesday when it was revealed that Tito does not have a cold. Doctors hailed the news as a major breakthrough. However, they did admit they were still worried about Tito's hepatitis, gangrene, pneumonia and bronchitis. "We'll have him up on his feet — or what's left of them — in no time," said a medical representative.

Brown strong in fantasy land

CALIFORNIA (APE) — Dark horse candidate in the U.S. presidential race, Jerry Brown, has won a landslide victory in the Disneyland Democratic Primary.

Brown had been trailing far behind President Carter and Edward Kennedy in most of the primaries thus far and was reported to be considering dropping out of the Democratic race if his showing did not improve.

However, in a recent announcement Brown said this victory has encouraged him to stay in the race.

"I knew Mickey and Goofy and Donald would pull through," Governor Brown said at his victory celebration.

"All my best friends are here in Disneyland, and I felt I could depend on them. They didn't let me down.

"Disneyland will always be a real home to me. This is the place where I belong."



Gordon, 23, is desperate. He has no money, no place to live and no job. He's wasted the best years of his life as a newspaper hack, and now his future looks grim.

It's sad but true that in our cruel world there is no place for burned out newspapermen like Gordon. He needs help.

But for just a few dollars a month, even these unskilled people can be made to lead useful and active lives. Keep Gordon off the bread line. Please donate generously.

GATEWAY REHABILITATION FUND

I enclose my donation for: \$100

Name _____ \$500
Address _____ \$1000
Province _____

Please ensure Gordon is given a good home and decent food for a change.

FITZGERALDS, an exciting new restaurant close to campus, will be opening soon. Service will be similar to rooms such as The Keg, Mother Tuckers, The Corkscrew, etc.

We are currently seeking full & part-time waiters/waitresses for lunch and evening work.

To be part of this exciting new dining spot, apply in person to Mr. Ian Andexer at the Renford Inn on Whyte, 10620-82 Ave., or phone 433-9411 for an appointment.



Renford Inn on Whyte 433-9411



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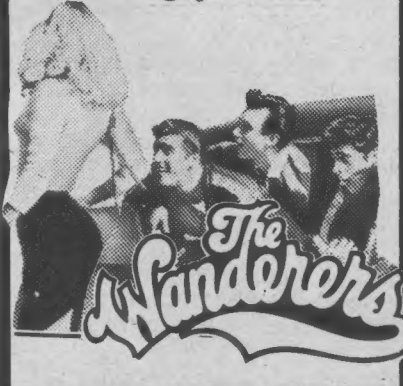


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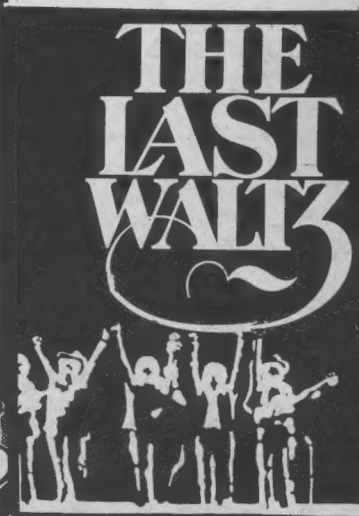


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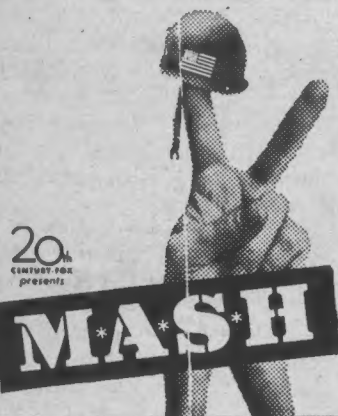
THE WANDERERS...
were the hottest
guys in town.



fri 18



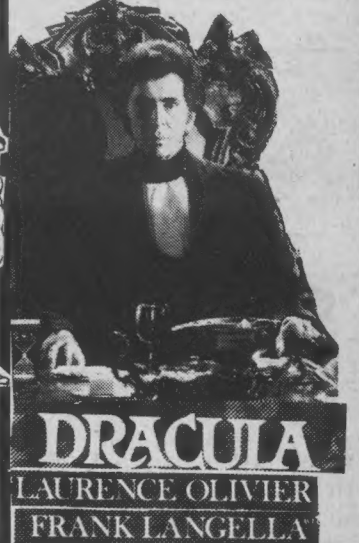
tues 22



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thurs 24



mon 28



Starting
Over

30



Wednesday, April 16 HAIR
1977, USA, 118 mins. Dir. Milos Forman
With: John Savage, Treat Williams, Beverly D'Angelo. Adult, not suitable for children
Thursday, April 17 THE WANDERERS
1979, USA, 114 mins. Dir: Philip Kaufman
With Ken Wahl, John Friedrich Karen Allen Toni Kalem. Restricted Adult
Friday, April 18 THE LAST WALTZ
1977, USA, 114 mins. Dir: Martin Scorsese.
With: The Band, Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond. Family
Tuesday, April 22 M.A.S.H.
1969, USA, 117 mins. Dir: Robert Altman.
With: Donald Sutherland, Elliot Gould. Adult, not suitable for children.
Warning: contains gory surgical scenes.
Wednesday, April 23 PLAY IT AGAIN SAM
1972, USA, 84 mins. Dir: Herbert Ross.
With Woody Allen, Diane Keaton. Adult, not suitable for children
Thursday, April 24 DRACULA
1979, USA, 107 mins. Dir: John Badhan
With: Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, Donald Pleasance. Adult, not suitable for children.
Monday, April 28 STARTING OVER
1979, USA, 104 mins. Dir: Alan Pakula
With Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh, Candice Bergen. Adult
Wednesday, April 30 UP IN SMOKE
1978, USA, 85 mins. Producer: Lou Adler.
With: Cheech Marin, Tommy Chong, Strother Martin, Edie Adams. Restricted Adult

Cinema admission: \$2.50 (\$2 with SU ID)
For Information Call 432-4764



Four students escape from res

By ALLAN CHAMBERPOT

Four more students are on the loose after yet another escape from Lister Hall Monday night.

The four were last seen scaling the barbed wire fence outside the cafeteria. They are believed to have subsisted on nothing but Lister Hall food since September, and are therefore considered by Campus Security to be "highly unstable."

The fence surrounding the complex was erected in March in a controversial move by director of Housing and Food Services Gail Brown.

"We've had an increasingly serious problem with the vacancy rate in Lister," said Brown, "and we thought freezing the tenant situation was a reasonable response."

When asked by *The University Journal* why she did not instead lower rents or improve services, Brown threw the

reporter out of her third-floor office window and heaved a television set on top of him.

The four students join an estimated 193 others who have freed themselves from what is affectionately known as "Dunhill Estates." About half the former tenants fled because they were unable to meet the monthly shakedown payments.

Lister Security Chief Bruce Eichmann was mystified by the ease with which the students broke out.

"I just don't understand it," said Eichmann. "I really thought those new watchtowers would do the job. Of course, it would have helped if we'd had guards inside them."

Eichmann is the former director of the Edmonton Remand Center.

The University Journal also managed to interview one of the escapees before Campus Security captured him. Seventh

year arts student Humphrey Glumbush said he had no trouble meeting the \$700 per month rent until they put up the fence.

"Do you know how hard it is for a customer to snort a line through barbed wire?" said Glumbush. "Besides, my scrip ran out, and I hate tabasco sauce."

In other news, Gail Brown announced today that Housing and Food Services plan to sponsor 197 Vietnamese refugees. Temporary housing will be provided at a "nominal charge" in the apartments at Lister Hall.

Plans were also announced to construct a six-meter moat around the Lister complex. The moat, co-sponsored by the environmental sciences department, is to be a 75th Anniversary project to help save the Alberta alligator.

Brown said she did not anticipate any difficulty in maintaining an adequate food supply for the alligators.



An unfortunate inmate of Lister.

Sez you

What animal would you like to have sex with?

by Loribelle Lenin

(Asked in the Students' Union Building)



Tema Frank, ex SU vp external:

A snake. The idea of getting down in the grass like that really appeals to me.

Keith Krause, Incoming Gateway editor:

There's nothing faster than a greased pig. Besides, then we could have Krauselets.



Glen Gallinger, law student:

Anything, as long as it's female.

Pierre Trudeau, Prime Minister:

My wife.



Nolan Astley, SU President:

Golly gee, I don't know. Does that mean I wouldn't be celibate anymore?

Peter Lougheed, Premier of Alberta:

A gas pump or a camel, whichever could hold me.



The sound of mucus — splatt!

By DUNK THORNY

On Thursday, normally phlegmatic Albertans will hit the street to promote a new and exciting idea to oppose cutbacks at the U of A.

In a dramatic announcement from the steps of University Hall, Ex-SU president Dean Olmstead, along with the rest of the 1979-80 executive, called for a massive demonstration designed to take advantage of "one of our most unique and powerful means of protest" — boogers.

Citing the increasing difficulty the university is experiencing getting funds from the provincial government, and stressing the decline in quality of education at the U of A, Olmstead said it was time to lay the "grey/green facts" at the government's door if the university is to be put back on its feet.

Olmstead, flanked by former vps Bhattacharya, Bell, Frank and Gruber, announced the decision of the ad hoc committee on lung-ers to stage a march from the university to the legislature where students and their supporters will spit on the doors to the legislature. Olmstead and Co. kicked off the protest by gobbing a volley of beaus onto a copy of the government for 1980/81.

Olmstead managed a fine greenie, while his associates snorted massive phlegm-balls onto the just released government document.

The ex-president noted the legendary support received by the last student march on the

legislature, and cited Board of Governors' Chairman John Slosker's bold and innovative display at the last B of G meeting as his inspiration.

The committee urged supporters from across the province to donate their "spit, mucus, whatever" to the cause. Depots will be established to collect all mailed contributions to be dumped at the legislature.

Huge shipments of boogers streamers, snotballs and yellowstones were already being rushed to committee headquarters for the demonstration. Olmstead

hinted that the group may even solicit contributions from what he termed "nasty sorts"; "You know, cretins with syphilitic lips, runny boils, pus-filled sores..."

"We're really enthusiastic about this; we may even scrape some of the sidewalks around town, like in front of the bus depot, or the detox centre," Olmstead said.

NDP Leader Grant Hately who has agreed to address the marchers from the steps of the legislature said, "Finally the university is willing to put its mouth where its money is."

Astley to construct SU prayer tower

By JOANNE DUNGROW

Students' Union president Nolan Astley has revealed his plans to convert RATT into a Prayer Tower that, in his words, will be "bigger and better than the one at Oral Roberts University."

This is only one of a slate of programs the "born again" Astley has planned for the summer. *The Gateway* and CJSR will be manned by members of the Campus Crusade For Christ and both will be dedicated solely to the spreading of the Gospel. Fridays will become a "Crusaders' Coffee House" and Dinwoodie cabarets will be outlawed. "Dancing is lustful for the flesh and the hip grinding I saw last year in SUB cannot be tolerated," said Astley.

The rest of the SU executive fully supports Astley with the exception of Darrell Rankin, whom Astley describes as one of the "lib-left conspirators."

Rankin had this to say of Astley's rebirth: "Scratch a Prot and you'll find a Fundamental. I'm going to beat Astley on this even if it takes the resurrection of Karl Marx."

When Astley heard these comments he replied; "Rankin is

a humanist and will have to be purged, that is all there is to it."

"Naturally, movies, plays and rock music will be banned from the SUB Theatre," said Astley. He also will begin removing all rock albums from the shelves in the Students' Union record store.

In addition, Astley will bring in the likes of Oral Roberts, Rex Humbard, Charles Colson and Eldridge Cleaver to speak at SU sponsored forums.

Astley also plans to fry some bigger fish. "I'm going to personally rid this campus of the teaching of evolution," said Astley.

"If this requires abolishing the Anthropology, Botany and Zoology departments so be it," he added.

He then skipped off toward his office singing, "I'm no kin to the monkey and the monkey's no kin to me."

FRANK HUTTON

On holiday

(Fuck, we hope he never comes back!)

Club butcher 'par'ticular

U of A director of Men's Athletics Ed Zemrau has murdered his grandmother. Eddy will be prosecuted for manslaughter in his home town, Coma, Alta., where the old girl died, bludgeoned to death with a nine iron, seventy-one strokes, two over par.

God sweeps city with Journal's help

With a helping hand from *The Journal*, God has made a stunning comeback in Edmonton.

In a miraculous development, the inspirational front-

U of A moves north

Plans to relocate the University of Alberta in Peace River were announced yesterday in the provincial Legislature by Minister of Advanced Education Jim Horsemind.

"Moving the university to Peace River will solve many of the problems facing the institution and the province today," said Horsemind.

The plan which will be phased over a five-year period starting in 1982, is another of the recent institutional relocations planned by the provincial government. Horsemind an-

nounced that Athabasca University would be moved to Athabasca from its present site in Edmonton last month.

"We will create jobs and bring fresh minds to an underdeveloped area," said Horsemind. "And we'll solve the traffic problem in Edmonton when we get rid of all those Ferraris students drive."

Relocation of the university will require massive building projects in the Peace River area. But Horsemind says he's optimistic all construction can be completed in time.

Shit

(Continued from Page A1)

"They go on and on about how those whining little brats were forced to eat dog food and sleep in their own urine."

"But they have said nothing about the nutritional value of dogfood."

"I have in my hands an independent study which proves that a can of Dr. Fido's Doggie

Grub contains 27 per cent more nutritional value than an average human meal."

"We were doing those little hoods a favor."

"I'm confident the independent inquiry being conducted by *University Journal* columnist Fahrenheit will clear me of all charges."



The Chodans

Chapter 903

Lucinda gazed out the window of the #64 bus, heading for her brother's office. She wasn't looking forward to her arrival though, because she knew her Uncle George would be there, and George had seen her at Darlings with Frederick.

Her train of thought was interrupted by someone sitting down next to her.

"Lucinda! Hello!" said a voice and Lucinda turned to discover Walter Zabloski. She immediately tensed up.

"Walter," she replied nervously, "How are you?"

"Oh, pretty good," he answered. "Have you seen Frederick lately?"

Lucinda paused a moment, unsure how to answer. But she knew that Walter would be disappointed if he found out the truth.

"No, I haven't seen him since I was out at the farm for Easter dinner."

"Really? Well, I've heard he's hired your brother to represent him in his lawsuit against Henry Singer's Mens Wear."

"Yes," Lucinda said, "that's what I've heard."

She was saved from further conversation as her bus pulled up to the stop outside the AGT Tower.

"Well, Walter, I'm certainly glad I ran into you."

"Okay, Lucinda. Say hello to Ronald for me."

Little did Walter know that Lucinda had left Ronald over three weeks ago.

As Lucinda stepped out onto Jasper Avenue and the bus pulled away in a shower of dust and smoke, the realization hit her that Miranda had arranged a coffee date with her.

Chuck will just have to wait, she thought, and started walking towards The Silk Hat.

Say, did you know that Brenda has gone off to Winnipeg with P.J. Burton?" Miranda asked as she poured sugar into her coffee refill.

Lucinda choked on her coffee with the knowledge.

"No! What happened to Tommy Banks? I thought she was seeing him after he was finished his gig every night at the Tinkled Ivories."

"Well, the Tinkled Ivories lost their liquor license a few weeks ago, and Miranda started hanging out at the Puke Shit Punk club, where she met P.J."

"Did she have her abortion?" Lucinda asked hesitantly.

"Yes," Miranda replied. "P.J. did it for her."

Lucinda paused, a bit bewildered. What would Robert say when he found out that he didn't get to do the operation? After having discovered the homosexual love affair between Peter and Roger, her second cousin in Dapp, Wilfred Moses, had immediately moved to Mundare where he met Robert. Robert had agreed to do the job provided that Emily got out of Westlock and stayed out.

Lucinda looked up and smiled. "Well, I guess I'd better tell Jerry, eh?"

Will Jerry be upset? Will Robert remember the pact between Jeremy and Isabelle? Look for *The Chodans*, next week.

unprecedented outpouring of faith, according to numerous city ministers.

Shortly after the first edition hit the streets, the ministers reported a phenomenal increase in visits and calls. Phone lines were jammed as both lapsed Christians and members of other faiths rushed to save themselves before Easter.

Mass conversions were performed in such a frenzy that Saturday evening the only remaining non-believers were

religious leaders of other faiths.

However, as Rabbi Yitzakh Steinberg explained, "When I went to the synagogue Saturday, nobody was there, and I realized I had to keep up with the times."

"After all, I'm out of a job — what's a nice Jewish boy like me supposed to do? I couldn't go home to my mother — you can't spend your whole life eating chicken soup."

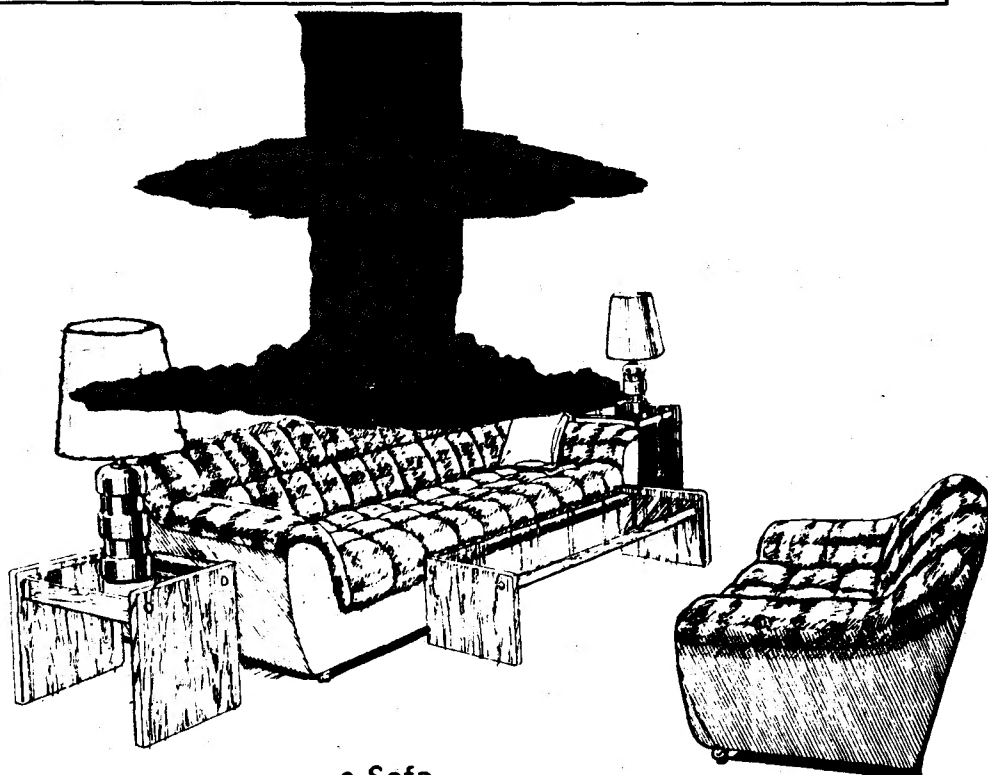
"Anyway, it's not so bad. Now I can join the country club like everyone else."

Other converts were even more excited about their new-found faith. "Oh mercy me yes," said Vishnu Withyu, a Hindu last month. "God was buried and rose again, yes. Never see that in New Delhi, no."

Journal publisher G.O.D. O'Callahan was not surprised by the results of the special edition. "Begum and begorrah! Sure enough, me boy, the worrrd of God has a power unmatched. Of course, the apostles do write well."

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Lifestyle Journal

EDITOR: SHIRLEY SKUNKER



Ann Slanders

Dear Ann Slanders: I have a problem with a recurring dream. I always dream that I'm ruling the world (with great wisdom and benevolence, of course, but with absolute power). Wherever I go, people cheer, and throw flowers and shout "Hosanna!" I always get to the part where beautiful maidens are bowing down before me and kissing my feet when suddenly I wake up. What can I do?
— Pierre

Dear Pierre: A glass of warm milk (straight) before you go to bed may help you sleep more soundly and dream less. If you do dream, try reading a good book when you awaken before trying to sleep again, in order to get your mind off the dream. *Mein Kampf* is not recommended.

Dear Ann: You don't understand the problem. I don't want to wake up. — Pierre

Dear Ann: Several months ago I began having sex with my dog. Everything was working out real good, but lately I think she's losing interest in me. She'll go out with the Schnauzer next door and won't come home until one or two in the morning. She says they're just good friends, but I'm getting worried. I think such terrible things about my little bitch and sometimes I just want to kill that flea-bitten Schnauzer.

Ann, what can I do? This thing is just eating me up. — Ruffed up in Cleveland

Dear Ruff: If she's out that late, it's more than a friendship. But I can't tell you what to do — except that you should decide if you are better off with or without her. And remember, jealousy is a very destructive emotion. You must learn to control it before it begins, to control you. Why don't you find a nice cat and settle down?

Everything for today's woman

By VIVIEN MACRAVISH

Spring is usually a time for all things bright and beautiful — light pastels, fresh crepes and flouncy fun skirts and dresses.

But not this year. In a veritable display of creativity Edmonton designer Chloe Crapola has taken the 1980s woman off her pedestal and taken the breath away from the fashion world.

Her latest designs, all refinements of the well-known Westlock school of design, features every-ready workboots, versatile blue-jeans (roll them down for a night in town) and flannel workshirts, for combinations that are always ready for action — whether its in the pigsty or at the Co-op.

Chloe's designs will take you anywhere a modern woman goes and take you there looking like a million.

To top off the look tie a red bandanna around your neck, or over your curlers, whichever way suits you best.

An outfit like this shows you can take care of yourself, that you're not a little girl anymore. You're ready to compete in a man's world, but you don't have to let your femininity suffer while you're at it.

You've come a long way baby. And the Westlock look will take you even further.



Bo Priegert is sultry yet practical in her five-piece Chloe leisurewear.

Office men create sex block

Divorce clinic's special counselors are Dr. Hunter, an analyst, Dr. Willard, an accountant and Bob Rebob, a lawyer.

Dear Dr. Hunter: I am 43, plain, and have a sexual problem. Since my husband left I feel blocked when I try to have sex with one of the men at the office. We go to lots of places, but I think he's using me.

Answer: Let's get serious lady. You're probably fat, have a moustache, and rely on expensive clothes that only make you look worse. Face it baby, if some zek likes you and has money you'd better hang on to him. If you've got any sense you'll drag that boy into your boudoir and flog him until he turns blue.

Dear Dr. Willard: My grandmother has silverware, handed down from her mother, that must be worth a bundle now. The problem is though she won't listen to reason and sell the cutlery on the lucrative metals market.

Answer: Okay pal, you've a couple choices. Let her keep the tea tiddlers and you both miss out on a booming market. Or, if you've got \$15 you can make a mint. Here's how to do it. First go down to slum town and find some kids that look hard up. Tell them you want something — they'll understand. Pay them the money and tell them to "move" grandma's silverware while you are away

Divorce Clinic

taking the old girl out for supper. Make sure you collect the goods from your workers and if you have time, help grandma with the insurance.

Dear Bob Rebob: I'm in a bind. My wife wants to leave me, that's okay, but she's got money coming out of her diamond studded ears. How can I make the payments on my Ferrari if she cuts me off?

Answer: Don't worry. Just follow these simple steps. First, make a deal with your shrink. Tell him your wife is going crazy and a court order to have her put away for "treatment" would help fatten his retainer fee. Once the old bitch is put away you can have a deposition signing over all her goods to you because you are her nearest next-of-kin and legally, she is unfit to oversee business transactions. Soon you'll be able to see the Ferrari and buy a real car. Why not a Turbo Porsche?

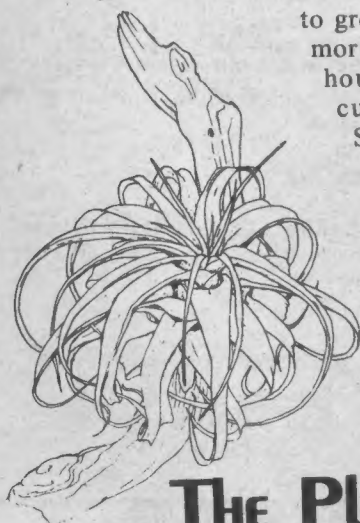
R.I.P.



This Man

A victim of the rating game, Joe Sourburger fought valiantly to keep his head out of hot water. He didn't.

T. xerographica



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are exotic, colorful, and easy to grow, and are becoming quickly more commonplace as houseplants. They vary widely in culture, appearance, and color. Some grow with very little moisture, (xerophytic) and others are epiphytic (grow on trees and other objects) solely as a means of physical support, absorbing moisture through their leaves and cup formations.

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Wolf Willow Update

The mood was euphoric at Olivia Butt's benefit banquet held last Friday at the humble split level palace of *Journal* publisher G.O.D. O'Callahan.

The "Keep the Scum Out" benefit raised about \$25,000 for Butt's campaign to keep low-income citizens out of the Wolf Willow district.

Butt explained: "We pay higher taxes to maintain our artificial standard of living, and there's no way we should have to put up with those unsightly ragamuffins playing with their tin cans. When they see my husband and his model airplanes and my children with their motorcycles, they'll probably eat the leaves off our expensive imported palm trees. Who knows, maybe they'll eat us!"

Also attending the banquet were Jack Pickett, Cec Purves, Roy Farran, Olive Elliott, Charles Allard and Peter Pocklington.

The highlight of the banquet was the wonderful reception Bob Bogle received during the third serving of Baked Alaska. Noting that there "are other places in the provinces for those people," Bogle summed up his brief remarks by commenting, "It's nice to know you have friends, and that you can always escape reality by coming out to Wolf Willow Drive."

Meanwhile, Butt's campaign has shifted into high gear in recent days. Her petition to City Council has received countless signatures from her friends and neighbours and the protest march planned for next month is getting a lot

of favorable attention.

"Police Chief Lunney will be leading the march," said Butt, replying to a question about police control of the march.

"I've sat on Council for years, and never have I seen an attempt to violate the rights of the rich like this current plan," Butt stuttered. "Let the poor find their own place to live, like I did."

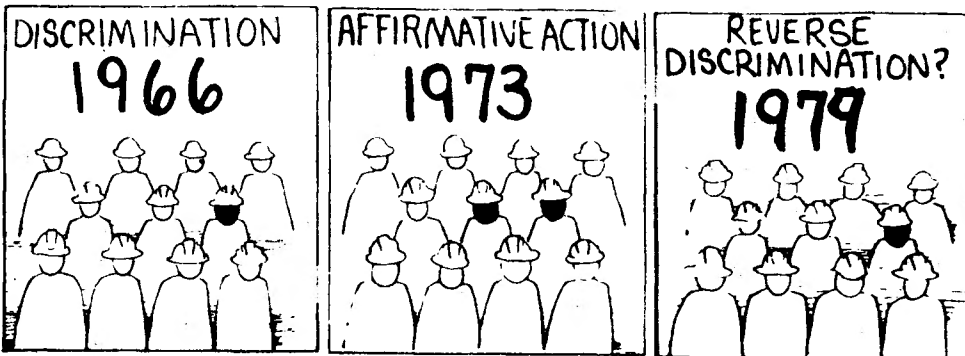
In other Wolf Willow news, Jack Pickett has announced that he will be leaving Edmonton to ensure racial purity in the community.

"I've finally seen the ultimate stupidity and blindness of my anti-immigrant campaign," he said. "I'm a fucking Brit, and we smell worse than all the Pakis from here to Afghanistan. I'm heading out to Ireland to imitate Lord Mountbatten."

And ex-alderman Terry Cavanagh has admitted that the reason his lawn is green all winter long is because he uses dollar bills instead of grass.

"Yes, it's true," admitted Cavanagh. "It's important to me to have the nicest lawn on the block, so I just took my City Council paycheques, cashed them, and lined our front yard with the bills. Looks good, doesn't it?"

A cocaine social held by the Wolf Willow Teen Club will be held next Friday in the Rec Room of the Derrick Club. All teen residents of Wolf Willow Drive are invited to attend, and, as usual, the coke will be supplied by the parents. Bring your own bikes, chains and pills. No crashers.



The Colony

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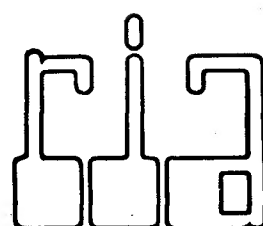
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Neighbourhood Journal

EDITOR: JIM GREEDY

Thorkie team reunited for 1980

By LORIBELLE LENIN

In a move that has been expected since the February Students' Union election, former vp finance Willie Gruber, defeated presidential candidate Scott Thorkelson and Alberta Tory MLA Rolie Cook have formed a new campus political party.

The Anti-Tenure Thorkie Team will hit the hustings at the next Arts by-election. The team hopes to capture all remaining seats on the new Students' Council.

Leader of the party, Scott Thorkelson, is optimistic about his party's changes.

"I discovered a lot about the

mettle of the average student during my humiliating defeat in February. I learned that students hate their professors, want a yearbook and need a carpark. If it hadn't been for the election pranks of the Astley Slate, I would have been swept into power. That won't happen again."

Rolie Cook, a washed-up MLA, also looks forward to returning to the campus election excitement.

"The fact that even I could win in a provincial election proves how boring and predictable provincial politics are. I crave the excitement of a really tough campaign."

Cook went on to explain his resentment with the provincial PCs, which stems from the famous Horsman-biting incident, when Minister of Advanced Education Jim Horsman admonished Cook for not getting his independent speech censored by his office.

Willie Gruber will be handling the campaigns for the party.

"After my brilliant strategy during the Gallinger fiasco worked so well, I thought, sheesh, I can win anything."

The team has drafted a tentative manifesto, pending approval from Thorkelson's mother and the Progressive Conservative Men's Club.

Highlights of the manifesto include a plan to turn CAB into a temple for worship of the Alberta oil industry.

"We want to construct a big oil derrick in the middle of the building, and actually have it dug into the ground," says Thorkelson. "Who knows, we might even discover oil!" he quipped.

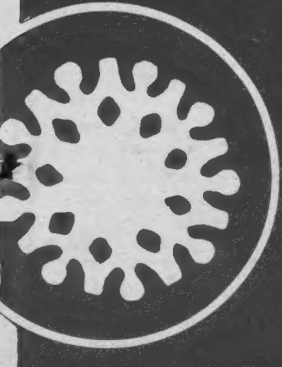
Other ideas are a walkway between HUB and SUB, a thirty-volume yearbook, and of course, the abolition of professors.

Cook explained this last idea as one he's been working on for a long time.

"We've got to fire all of them, and make sure that their replacements are Tories. It's time Alberta students, plus all those foreigners, learned about this province from true Albertans."

Memberships to the Anti-Tenure Thorkie Team are being sold at Fiji House in North Garneau. They cost \$5000 annually, ("we need the right kind of people," says Thorkelson), and include a lifetime membership to the Cook/Thorkelson/Gruber Fan Club and Fraternity.

"This time we'll get those, those ... those Liberals," said Thorkelson enthusiastically.



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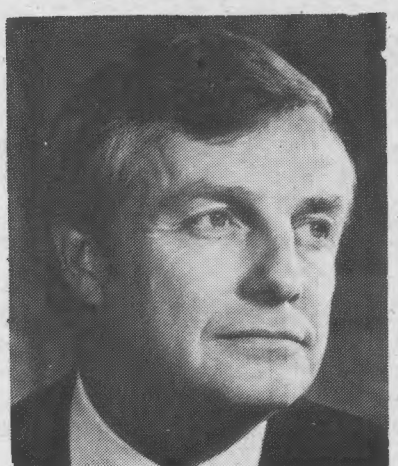
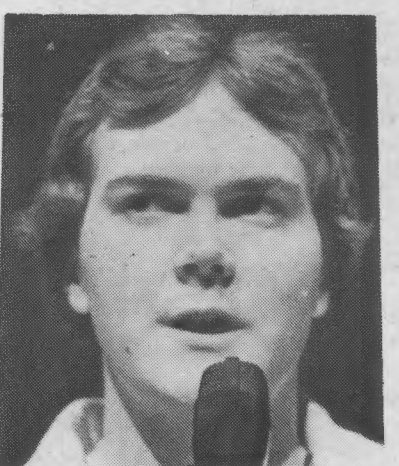
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Intra-fraternity Council

Folkies banned

The Students' Union is cracking the whip at Irish folkies. In a surprise move Tuesday, SUB Theatre manager Peter Feldman announced he was locking the doors on what he called "those little Irish fairies."

"Frankly, I can't stand guys in green suits, jumping around on my stage," he said.

"Along with our recent banning of punk rock from SUB Theatre this follows our new policy of eliminating any music we don't like," said Feldman.

"It's not my job to put on freak shows," he said.

Feldman also said it was fine with him if unemployed folkies played down in the coffee shop, as long as they steered away from his office.

SU vp internal Jan Byer admitted the policy sounded harsh, but said that "after the three potato throwing incidents at the last Chieftains concert, something just had to be done."

"We have to nip this in the spud," he said.

Daddy Joe coming

Noted Soviet dissident Josef Stalin is coming to campus.

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The former dictator, who recently came out of hiding from Argentina, will speak at a Political Science Idiots Association (PSIA) forum this Friday on the topic "Why I didn't really mean to kill 10 million kulaks."

Stalin, now 101 years old, explained the accusations of genocide in an exclusive interview with *The University Journal*.



"It was a communications foul-up," he said. "What I really meant to say was 'I want a pastrami on rye with no dill.'"

"Unfortunately, my assistant thought I said 'kill the kulaks,'" Stalin said. "Naturally, I was appalled when I heard what happened."

Entertainment Journal

EDITOR: CATHERINE CARSIK

Edmonton site of new art movement

By DEKK A. DENT

It isn't just plastic, glass, concrete and oil money going up in this bustling *ville* of the prairies, the new Dallas of the North. The arts too have seen a boom of their own: witness the Citadel, the Palms Cafe, Waldens, the Coliseum and the spankingly new Java Jive School of Art. The Java Jive School of Art? What's that, you ask.

Well, it's not just a place, or a school as such; it's a *movement*, an art revolution, that's what. The Java Jive School of Art is the hottest — and as some cynics would have it, the *only* — intellectual movement that this city has spawned. Over a cup of black Vienna, any day of the week, you can see this artistic revolution taking shape right before your eyes. "It's all happening right here," says Fentworth, one of the leading proponents of the young movement, "in fact if we didn't have to eat, sleep or go to the bathroom, we could be here *all* the time.

To be a part of the movement, the artist or intellectual has to renounce all connections that art may have to the world outside of the glass and concrete structures of Fine Arts, or HUB. "For centuries we've been unable to shake off the notion that Art should *mean* something. Now, we're finally doing it — right here in Edmonton," says Corvette, a painter who recently opened a show which displays a visual study of the coffee bean with water color, acrylic, oils and prints. "I mean —" continues Corvette, "what the hell do we know about anything outside of here? Iran, Cambodia, Afghanistan, Quebec ... that's all so far from Edmonton. How can you *feel* anything about that here?"

Visual, sculptural and photographic studies of the coffee bean is a central image explored by the Java Jive movement in its attempt to define a methodology for its new aesthetic. "Art should not hurt or offend anyone. We should feel safe watching it or making it," says Corvette, who likes to dress in colors that she thinks are 'sort of new wavish.'

Pink, turquoise, yellow, maroon and indigo stripe her body in tight contours and are nicely offset with the purple-violet stretch slacks that tuck into white sneakers.

"It's a matter of style," says Fentworth. "Art should be like fashion." He points out his light beige summer tweed jacket, the fawn colored trousers (with the 'tapered' look) and calfskin Oxfords.

The Java Jive School of Art feels that their art should be pleasant enough for ordinary people to buy. "You want people to *buy* your art so that they can hang it up on their walls, blow a joint of sniff a line and not get freaked out by what it says or how it clashes with the shag rug. What you hang up on your walls should at least match the colors of your wardrobe, or your walls. The art you buy is a lot like the clothes you wear; it tells a lot about your personality," says Fentworth.

The Java Jive School of Art is producing works that are gaining increasing commercial potential because of its built in inability to provoke extreme reactions.

"We don't like extremities," says Corvette, "looking at something that bothers you is like smelly feet in someone's living room. That's why we always

Java Jive School of Art

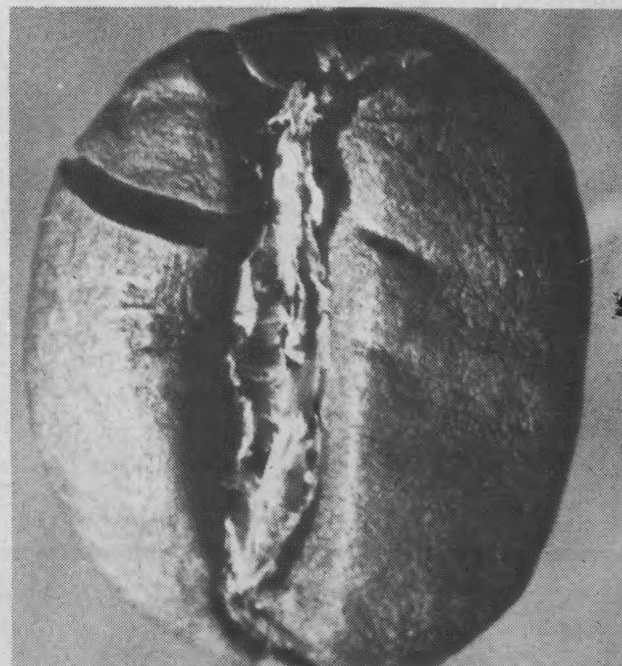
HUB Mall, University of Alberta

keep our boots on."

Recently the Java Jive School has taken a bold, innovative step in marketing their art. They offer wholesale discounts on art that is bought in bulk. Contracts have been signed with the government, private business, schools and hospitals who have found bulk buying an economic way to bring art to every office, corridor and lobby. "It also makes sense for someone who's bought a new house in say — Castledowns. It'll bring the value of your house up and in a year or two — you can trade it off for a new house with a complete new set of art," says Fentworth.

"People have this misconception that artists are somehow subversive," says Corvette. "But we'll change that. We are quite ordinary you know. We don't carry slogans or spit on things like some people who think they're artists do around here. We are here to serve. We can make anything you want. I can even paint houses — *say that* in your review. Daddy just gives me money for the winter session so I gotta do something for the summer."

Fentworth summarizes the Java Jive School's philosophy when he says "forget the world. Don't let anyone tell you about the world except for the one we can see and feel in front of you. The rest doesn't exist, despite what some people would like to think. Because



The Bean: a study in acrylic (1979).

of this philosophy, I think there is a great deal in store for our movement. Java Jive Art is safe enough to wear, hang, eat, drink and sleep on. What more could you ask for?"

Crapola finally comes up shining

By JOHN DUD

Ed. Note: For too long, Edmonton reviewers have ignored the kind of cultural events which appeal to the man in the street. We refer, of course, to Studio 82's remarkable repertoire of bump 'n' grind classics. Fortunately, we are not a family rag, so we can get away with offending everybody. And, believe me, these movies are offensive in every sense of the word!

This amusing little flick exposes the activities of a bunch of happy-go-lucky college football players, all members of the Nashville Nads, currently flailing in the gutter of their Ivy League division. For some strange reason, however, the movie completely ignores football except for the first 38 seconds (just sufficient time to roll the credits). Instead, this film is a stunning look at the biggest set of jugs this side of 10.

The rather haphazard plot centers on the activities of Peter Hangwell, the very offensive guard of the Nads. His sensitive portrayal of a mindless stud has never been equalled by any of the so-called great actors of our time — Nick Nolte at his most loutish could not even approach this touching characterization of a well-meaning but depraved young man on the make.

Although the cinematography is slightly below the standards of such movies as *1900* and *Days of Heaven*, it at least avoids the pretentiousness of these highly-overrated films. Not for these guys arty shots of

Go Nads Go!

Studio 82

prairie flowers waving in the sunset (which in any case would have exceeded the film's estimated \$2500 budget). Instead, the camera zooms straight in on the subject at hand, and, aside from occasional lens fogging, the action shots clearly stimulated the appreciative audience.

First time actress Holly Goodhead may have been somewhat lacking in verbal skills, yet she demonstrated an amazing command of visual technique. At times, the audience's passion for this movie abated, but Ms. Goodhead always managed to bring their interest back to a peak.

In a shocking departure from his previous works, director Francis Ford Crapola has turned the movie industry on its head, and quashed any remaining doubts about his talent. Avoiding the pitfalls of the amateurish *Apocalypse When?*, Crapola gives the moviegoer what he truly desires (and deserves — for \$4.50), an intense and satisfying ending, one which leaves the viewer emotionally and physically drained.

After this film, his next effort can only be anticlimactic.

More fun with food

As a culinary critic I am often sought out by people in an attempt to answer their many questions about the fascinating world of food. Of course, people are always concerned about the four Ws of eating (what, where, why, when), but, recently, the subject most often brought up has been regurgitation.

That's right, regurgitation. Or, as we at *The University Journal* like to call it, doing a Ron Cholesterol. You know, throwing up, talking to Ralph, wooing the cookies, tickling the tonsils, taking a technicolor yawn — it's all the same, so why be euphemistic about something that can be joyfully creative and liberating?

But why should a food critic speak of bringing up the same old hash? Shouldn't that be better left to Terry Jonestown or *The Journal* editorial writers? Well, no. Edmonton restaurants, especially the university's classier establishments, have made me somewhat of an expert on the subject. Eating out is becoming more and more popular these days but this often leads to tension and over-stimulation. Remember, despite what the moralists say, talking on the great white telephone is nature's way of providing safe and fast-acting relief.

In spite of the liberal age we live in, centuries of taboos have given rise to much myth and misinformation about the sensual art of barfing. People often ask me questions like: "Am I the only one doing it? Will I go blind? Should I really worry about performance? How many times can I do it




Nancy
Egg

before I lose my self-respect and (my favorite), is it the same as Montezuma's revenge?" Well, the answers to all these questions is an emphatic yes and no. Spilling the beans is as natural as sniffing your socks or leaving boogers on the underarms of friends' furniture. Everyone does it at one time to another, so don't feel guilty.

There are, however, some social conventions that are best respected. In most Edmonton circles, spewing on or in the vicinity of your host on a first dinner date is not generally regarded as being in good taste. If you feel a flush coming on and the juices starting to flow, then by all means consider it *apropos* to excuse yourself. That's what rest rooms are for.

Next week I'll be talking about technique, so until then, don't put anything larger than an elbow in your throat.



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Pop Records

By Graham's Dick



Being a rock critic is sure hard work! A letter-writer this week has accused me of being an "ass-kiss pansy ass rocker sucking up to every fourteen year old pseudo-punk in town by writing a glowing review of a bunch of deadhead deadend punkers called The Dishrags."

Whew, strong words for someone who doesn't know a thing about responsible and artistic rock criticism. The thing is, I'm the person in Edmonton personally responsible for the growth of new wave in this city. I brought you the Smarties, (personal friends of mine, though I suppose it's not a good idea to admit it in a column of objective criticism).

Furthermore, let's look at what I've done for local music in town. Take One Horse Blue for example. Here's a band with virtually zero talent. They stole their name, their image, their style and their songwriting ideas from Poco, and have made a mint by keeping all that a secret. But I still flogged their name in my column, because, damn it, I'm concerned. They're a local band, they're inspiring other local musicians, and they've got me on a PR contract.

I suppose I might be criticized for writing an entire column based on another critic's opinions a few weeks ago, or for slamming The Clash a while back and then jumping on the band wagon with *London Calling*, but look, a young guy like me makes a few mistakes here and there, and you rats out there deserve me!

Okay, now that that is out of my system, let's review some albums. Last week, I looked at some albums that were about ten years old, knowing that the average reader of this column was born about the same day that *Thick as a Brick* was released. Time now to cast a look at some new singles. Let's remain myopic shall we, and stick to local bands again.

The Ozones *Sick My Duck* (NA 2739) Brilliant, and a startling revelation of what broods deep inside the hearts of this magnificent band.

One Horse Blue *Riding in My Electric Saddle* (POCO 876) The best single for this band since "I'm Mired In Your Lovepie" and it proves that even with their new lineup, they can't be beat.

Tommy Banks *The Tinkling Ivories of Love* (CB 5439) A top notch performer with a new, top notch single. Hey, I love jazz, too!

Punk from the heights

By GAIL MUCOUS

Hard-core urban punk rock in Alberta? Impossible!! At least that is the opinion of certain elitist aficionados who think only working class kids from Great Britain and New York have a right to express adolescent alienation in the nihilistic netherworld of power pop.

Well, The Oysters, four local lads who also happen to be the sons of some of Edmonton's most prominent businessmen, have a message for these purist snobs. On the hyperkinetic title track of their debut album, *Rub Your Nose In This*, lead singer and rhythm guitar player Post Nasal Drip howls, *We're rich and bored with piss all to say but you bastards can listen anyway. Did I listen.*

These little snots are Talking Noses injecting fresh, venomous and banal lyrics into a honeycomb of dissonant playing. They could like nose nuggets embedding themselves into black and grey toilet paper and the result is a delightful grey-green viscous mess that sums up the ennui of Alberta's rich kids.

Drip's vocals wail over the clash of major and minor chords, grating chromatic intervals and klaxon-like noseblowing. That's right, noseblowing. The nose is a motif that runs through every song on the album. Lyrically, "My Nose Is Like An Oilrig" sounds inane on the surface. But send some feelers in and you will detect a smug indictment of the oil industry. Nasal Vein, the band's lead guitarist, holds one lick (guitar, that is) for the entire song thereby mirroring the relentless revolution of the "diamond fingernail."

Indeed, repetition is the group's forte. Arrangements are exquisitely immobile and progressions seductively stalemated. On "Suck It Up Your Sinuses" a single stomach-churning guitar riff is unleashed against a concussive bass note and then deliciously reiterated and reiterated. It's like a recurring winter cold that can't be shaken. Perfect, since the song is a smug attack on the cold remedy industry.

Violence is the theme of "My Dad's Nose is Bigger Than Your Dad's." Here songwriter and drummer, Bloody Nostrils, pokes his way into a song about the adolescent rivalry of two friends whose fathers are competitors in the tanning salon business. The climax is a head on collision that results when the two play chicken, one in a TR-7 and the other in a Toyota Land



Post Nasal Drip, lead nose for The Oysters, Edmonton's latest punk group.

Cruiser with mags. Here guitars collide in a nightmare of chromaticism and this is enhanced by Pinnocchio's dull-edged production.

The Oysters do have a light side as well. "Your Love Is Like A Wet, Wet Nose" sends up traditional poetry and music while "Chapped Upper Lip" slaps the shnozzolas of their own class. And of course disco is brilliantly parodied in "Eat Your Boogies."

"Rub Your Nose In This" is totally moronic and inspires boredom right from the opening guitar hook. For these reasons it is also one of the best albums around. The musical chaos is beautifully static - the ends of entropy itself. No tension is built up and so none can be resolved. These guys bring pure uncalculated crudeness to power pop although they sometimes pay more than just token obeisance to melody (the unfortunate result of music lessons). These affluent punks have the cheek to say exactly what is in between their ears - next to nothing. And none of it is said "tongue in nose."

Gail Mucous is a free-lance writer.



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Minister plans hospital move

Hospitals' Minister Dave Mussell today announced plans for the relocation of the Berwyn hospital to a site in Western Calgary.

The proposed move has come under severe criticism by opposition members as being of a political nature.

Mussell denied these allegations as being false and completely unfounded. "The decision to relocate came about as the result of the findings of a study to examine methods of improving the overall service to the community," he said.

Long range plans for the

area include the transferral of the entire population of the town to Western Calgary.

Mussell stated the relocation "is not a political move." "We just feel they would enjoy the weather in Calgary better," he said.



The Alberta Fish and Wildlife Association are hosting their annual shoot-em up and blow-out bash. All keen deerhunters are urged to attend.

"Let's separate," says Trudeau

In a surprise move today Prime Minister Trudeau came out in support of the general principle of self-determination for Canada's disparate groups.

However, Trudeau stressed that self-determination is too important a democratic right to be limited to Quebec alone.

"If Manitobans or Saskatchewanites wish to leave Confederation, they should be allowed to separate without constraint," he said. Even sub-provincial units such as, say, Westmount, St. Urbain St., sections of the Dene "nation," Mennonite colonies etc., should be able to opt out of existing government structures."

"I would be very pleased, in fact, if our country, with its rich cultural diversity and strong sense of individualism, began to express its multi-faceted character by immediately dividing into its natural components," he said.

The response to Trudeau's announcement was almost immediate in Prince Edward Island. The provincial legislature, which had been considering routine business when news of the speech came, went into special session at the suggestion of Premier Bud DeSpud.

Within an hour the legislators had unanimously declared independence. At a hastily convened press conference afterwards the Premier said, "The West has been ignoring us and riding roughshod over our interests for years. Now they

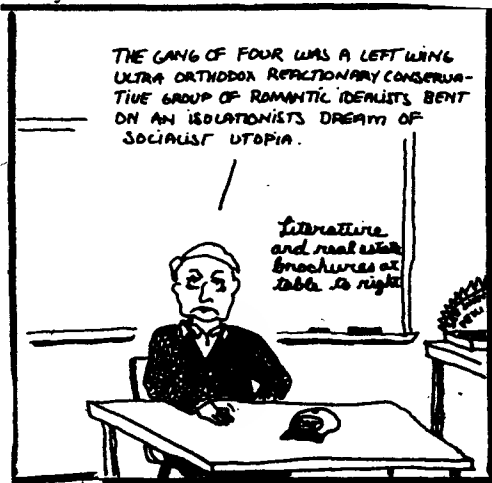
can freeze in the dark without our potatoes."

Elsewhere reactions were mixed. In Quebec City Rene Levesque's Office had no comment, and refused to confirm or deny rumors that the Premier had been taken to hospital in a state of shock. However, sources in the Parti Quebecois said that the move had "really thrown a *clef Anglaise* into the works."

The National Indian Brotherhood issued a statement later in the day saying that, though they were pleased with Trudeau's generous recognition of their nationhood, they would stay within Confederation as long as funding of research into land claims continues.



And in Alberta, Wegreille Wladykolslaw, leader of the militant Mekking Our Owen Gopherment Witout Haylping From Nohbohdy Party, said he was looking forward to "firroot-fool" negotiations with Peter Lougheed regarding Home Rule for the province's Ukrainians. Ownership of the province's giant pysanka would be the major point of contention, he said, followed closely by oil pricing agreements.

Elsewhere in Alberta, Irma Garglethorpe of Bawlf has already conducted a referendum regarding her proposal to gain independence from the oppressive cultural domination of Ernie Garglethorpe: the result, with a 100 per cent voter turnout, was 100 per cent in favor of the move.



STUDENT ASSISTANCE TASK FORCE

- The Federal-Provincial Task Force on Student Assistance is reviewing current and proposed alternative programs for post-secondary Canadian student assistance related to a student's financial need;
- written views are invited from the public. These may deal with any or all aspects of student assistance including alternatives for the continuation, modification or replacement of existing policies and programs of both federal and provincial governments;
- further information can be obtained from: The Federal-Provincial Task Force on Student Assistance, P.O. Box 2211, Postal Station P, Toronto, Ontario, M5S 2T2;
- closing date for submissions to the Task Force is June 1, 1980.

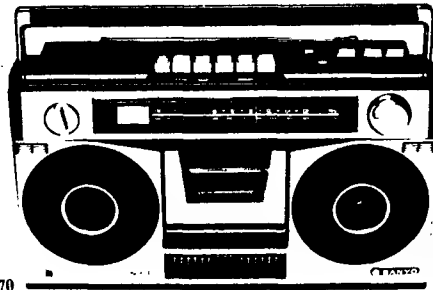
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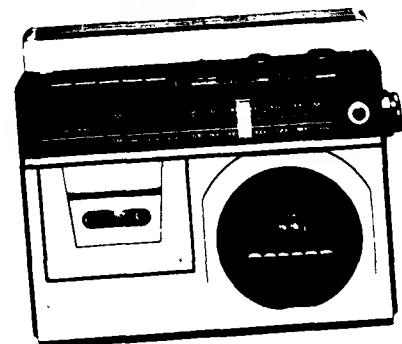
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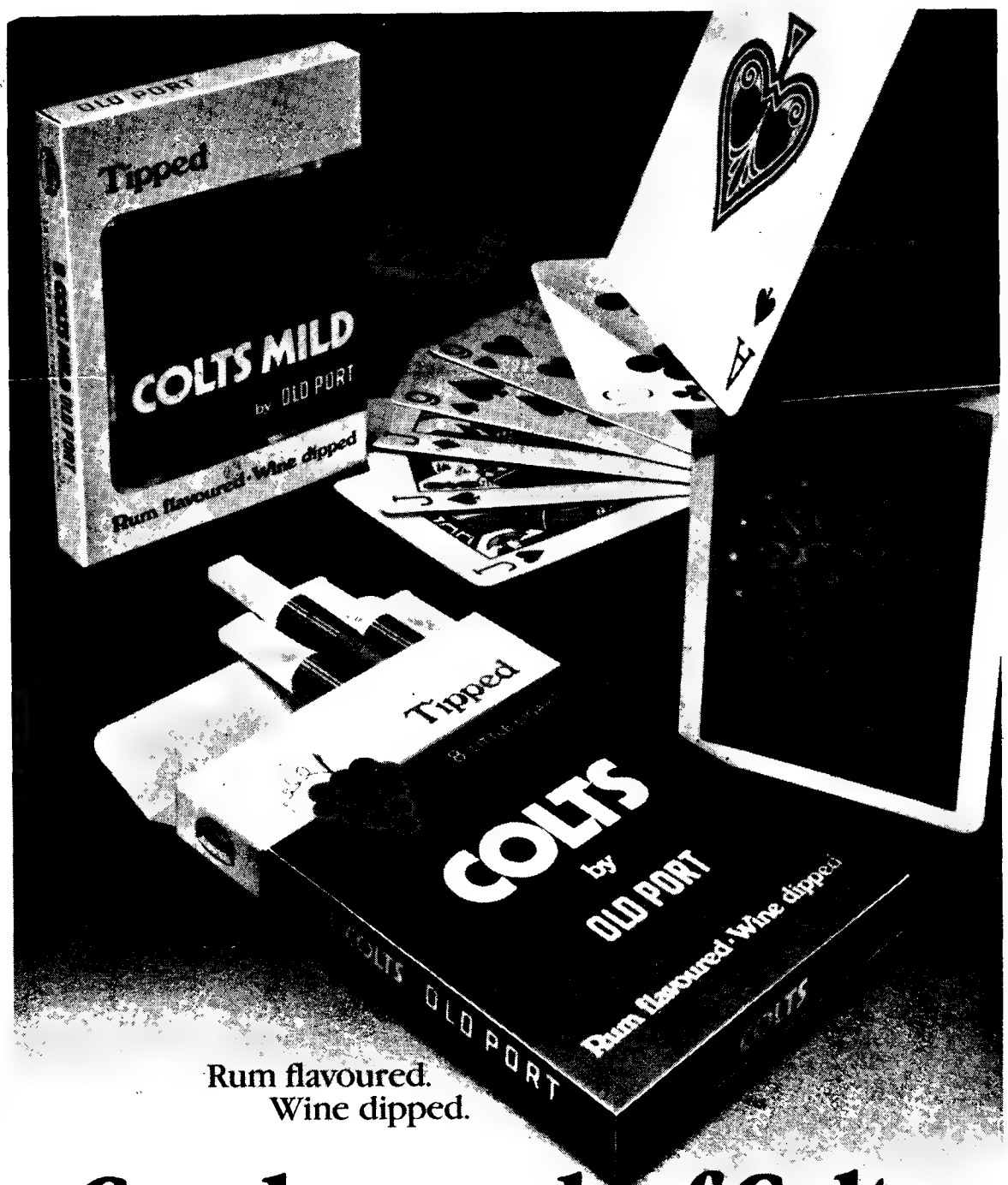
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Guts are needed to avoid shitty dives.

Edel prepares for end, sings songs

According to sport dictator Edel Castrau the world may end sometime next year. Castrau has stated "when the whole shithouse goes up in flames, I want the Athletic Services department to be saved."

Consequently, Castrau has purged the department staff of "waffling deadwood" and has made Ayatollah Hoaney spiritual and administrative head of the intercollegiate Sportboro.

Not only has Castrau consolidated his position with blitzkrieg staff shuffles, but several dissenters have been sent to the WW Cross for treatment.

Castrau's ruling Commubear party has decreed "all those at the fringe of party philosophy are insane and will be purged or rehabilitated."

Needless to say, Castrau knows if the Sportboro survives the apocalypse there must be a rebuilding for the 1983 World Student Games. Castrau says "our chances are slim, but the university really needs the games."

Castrau adds "the sacrifices we made now are necessary and if anyone gets hurt it's only because I want the greater good for student kind."

Castrau has flexed the Commubear military might in order to win outside support. Ranks of football, hockey, and b-ball players line Bear square and chant solidarity songs. Some call these obvious displays of military might merely circus games that do little to promote the U of A's image. However Ayatollah Hoaney says "when everyone sees how well all those short haired, clean living guys can play basketball — public support will reach new peaks."

Besides, states Hoaney, "hordes of students will throng to see the wonderful state sports of hockey, b-ball, and football. Even though attendance now is down, mandatory attendance, if approved by the B of G, will improve the scene."

Recently Castrau himself has concluded department prayer meetings with the new Athletic Services anthem:

Give me your fees, and I'll give football the cream, Come see the world games without an Alberta track team.

(Chorus) I'm the man with the plan, I've a destiny to fulfill, My reasons are questionable, but I'm the man at the till.

See the team that plays basketball, Fly down to Florida this fall, Hey there girls, hey there track men, Something stinks in the Bear's den.

(Chorus).

Make me an offer. I can't help but heed, See me ignore the programs in need, But that's okay, okay, okay, Let's do it like schools in the U.S. of A.

(Chorus).

We're the biggest, and the best, So it's tough shit for the few sports that are left, Don't worry men, I have a cure, Watch the sports clubs disappear next year.

(Chorus).

Soon we'll be first rate and well known, Fans will soon flock from their homes, The Bears, they'll say, are powerful beasts, Dancing to the tune of 100 fans, at least.



Edel incites followers to abandon "old ways and pledge allegiance to beeg sports."



Edel demonstrates doctrine of self-sacrifice approved by Commubear party.



Terry Jonestown

DON'T GET ME WRONG. I'm no crepe draper, but sometimes I've got to play a hunch. Next year's line-up for Golden Bear sports looks like morgue meat. Why? For starters I predict the soccer team will get off to a good start, but lose out to the McKernan Junior High lunch-time team. Any hopes for basketball shouldn't be too high because I know the Bears won't be able to beat the Shrine circus midgets. However, the football men could come away with a win against the Old Scona High Fightin' Sliderulers. Why the deterioration over last year's success? Simple. Financial restraints mean the men go without NEW uniforms. Financial restraints mean the men PAY for food. Financial restraints mean FEWER trips to Vancouver. And performance will suffer. You know it and I know it.

LEARN IN YOUR OWN HOME. Go ahead and say it's luck, but I'm the new sports editor for the *Sun*. No kidding, I guess I fit their bill after taking sports writing courses by correspondence. The *Sun's* criteria were tough, but my correspondence training helped me pass the rigorous exam. Look, I'll prove how demanding the test was. See if you can answer a couple of the exam's toughest questions.

1. Russians are:

- a. Good tourists in Afghanistan
- b. Good hockey players.
- c. Good at chess.
- d. Never as good as Americans because ABC TV says so.

2. Canadians are:

- a. Good lumberjacks.
- b. Make good maple syrup.
- c. Good hockey players.
- d. Do not exist because you never see any on ABC TV.

IT'S BEEN A GREAT YEAR AND I'VE MET SOME GREAT PEOPLE. Just to name a few there was Bruising Bob Kilgannon. He's the only sports writer to be arrested, in Halifax, for fish molesting. And then there's Shin Impey. What a man, even though he was an engineer. Not to be outdone was Garish dooDay. Garish managed to do the impossible: join a frat and maintain a sense of self-respect. Then there were Pam Spinster, Dory Johnson, Kanny Dakamura, and Ernie DeLotz. All four continued to write for the paper without ever receiving the free smack we promised them. What a team, what a crew, what a year. Terry Jonestown knows your contribution and salutes you.

Gretzky can't take licks and splits

By DIM MATHESON

Edmonton Oiler 19 year old superstar Wayne Gretzky has announced he will be leaving the team and the NHL to return to junior hockey!

"It was all true; everything they said about me was true," cried the obviously distraught child prodigy in the dressing room after the Oilers had been eliminated by the Philadelphia Flyers.

"I can't skate well enough to play in this league," lamented the young hock jock, "and I can't take the pounding from the big guys. Jeeze, who was I trying to kid anyways?"

When questioned about the fact that he had tied the points total of NHL scoring leader Marcel Dionne, the pubescent puckster confessed to what may be the most shocking revelation of the season.

"You wanna know what I

really scored this year? Six goals and seven assists. There was a mix-up when they put the names on the sweaters. Look, I'm not 99; I'm 27. Dave Semenko really scored all those goals."

"I know I should have told some one but Dave doesn't read (the sports pages) and nobody could tell us apart with our helmets on. I loved it all; the interviews, signing autographs, the 7 Up commercial, the 15 year old girls ... but when they started talking about me winning the Calder and Hart trophies, it was too much. A guy's gotta have some pride."

Gretzky, who has one year of junior eligibility left will not return to his old team in Ontario, but will play next year for the St. Albert Saints of the Alberta Junior Hockey League.

"Sure, it's a tier two team but that's probably where I belong right about now," admitted the Boy Blunder. "Still, they turn out some pretty good

hockey players. Nobody ever doubted Mark Messier (a fellow, 19 year old) could play in the NHL."

With the Saints, Gretzky hopes to improve his skating and build up some weight and strength. Although his experience in the NHL and the WHA has probably stunted his development as a hockey player, he remains hopeful that after his final year of junior and three or four more years in the minors he might earn another shot at the NHL.

"Look, I'm still young. I know I don't have a lot of God-given talent but I can work hard. Remember Jimmy Roberts? He was always my idol."

Semenko was in hospital and could not be reached for comment. Big Dave or "Cement head" as he is affectionately called, is recuperating after a successful operation to increase the size of his brain with silicone transplants.

BEHINDS ON THE BENCH

The identity of next year's "super coach" has not been revealed. Possible names are: Clark Kent, Peter Parker, La-

mont Cranston and Bep Guidolin ... anyone interested in a "summer snow" program should call the Oiler's player office. Ask for Don.



Gretzky before exposure as no-talent bum.

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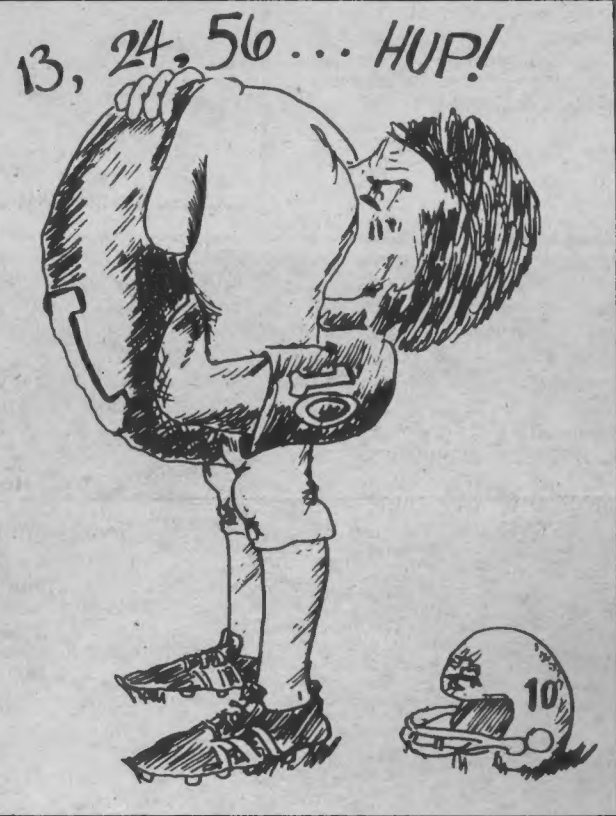
If you think about it long enough, I'm sure you'll agree that all that extra gas you burn driving to school is well worth it!

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SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

The Progressive Conservative Party of Canada offers opportunities for students to spend 14 weeks working for the federal party and learning about the political process.

Qualifications

- first-year students planning to return to school in the fall;
- a demonstrated interest in the political process;
- a willingness to work in Ottawa.

Interested students should apply in writing to:

Student Political Apprenticeship
Programme (SPAP)
PC Party of Canada
178 Queen Street,
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 5E1

Applications must be postmarked
no later than April 25, 1980.



Classified Journal

101 ways to serve dog food! - A new exciting diet cookbook for senior citizens and people on fixed incomes. All recipes have been tested extensively in homes throughout Alberta. Contact Bob Bogle at the Legislative Doghouse.

Hayrides and sleighrides with a difference! Free booze, soft music and privacy. Pills, rubbers on request. Contact Savoir-Faire Pierre.

Girls ... make this summer a big hit! Persons of the female persuasion required for pleasant evening work. Some university calls. No experience necessary but enthusiasm and good work habits an asset. Successful applicant can expect to earn \$18,000 to \$20,000 the first year. For further information contact Rollic Cook.

Wanted: One ticket to Zimbabwe. Contact Gordon and George El iot Turtle.

Alvin: Whatever happened to the building fund? Judy.

Do you enjoy jumping out of airplanes? God, you must be out of your mind!! Run, don't walk, to Student Help!

Are you afraid to walk home at night? Scared that little old ladies will mug you in some dark alley? So are we! Join us as we hide in our offices at 10211-97 Street. Gung-Ho Karate Club.

Sick of hanging around with mindless cretins ... People who can't even walk and chew gum at the same time? Do you feel that the Theory of Relativity is outdated? If so Mensa needs you. Monthly meetings held every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m. in a secret location in 270A SUB.

Runaways never have a nice day, that's because they're all dead!

Are you a loser? Are all your friends creeps? Do you have a rotten love life, a boring job, a hopeless future? Do you really believe that a lousy ad in the *University Journal* is going to solve all that? Boy, are you ever stupid — no wonder you're such a basket case!

All those Pina Coladas Got to be quite mundane If you're not into freak shows And think S and M is a pain. Still they perked up the paper So were not all in vain. And made us so much money We're all going to Spain!

From the Gateway ad department.

Academic Association Film Night. Classics Series: *Dr. Tightfist, Or How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love the Provincial Government*, featuring P. Lougheed and a cast of 74 extras. TB-84, 8:00 p.m.

"But Florence, we really need a water purifier. Yes with charcoal filters. No, it won't warp anything — honest!" Allen.

The Faculty Club will be holding its second annual Italian night on the 3rd of May. Staff members are reminded that each is responsible for bringing their own chicken for supper — preferably with hair under its wings.

Political Silence Undergrads are invited to attend a forum on Friday at two p.m., TL 11. Guest speaker Dr. Otto M. Pire will speak on the flimsy pretense of the American presidential race. His topic will be 'Zeppo — The Missing Kennedy Brother.'

To JC: Living next door to me is a communist pig who collaborated with the FLQ in 1970. When a person said he/she was a separatist, this man would walk up to them and say, "Yup, they're Quebecois, all right." He has never been prosecuted!

NOTICE: SUB Theatre will be closed until I can get my condo in Seba Beach straightened out. Any cracks about revenue losses at the theatre, or how I managed to afford my deluxe lakeside pad will be taken unkindly. Peter Feldman.

Did Helen Keller really peek? History 516 holds the answer.

What if you gava a Seminar and nobody came? You'd probably be in the political science dept., or maybe English?, or maybe even Philosophy, Fine Arts? ...

To R.S., Madame, I am not now, nor have I ever been, your Poopsie. Neither have I been your 'Honey-buns,' your 'Hunk,' or "the best you've ever had." J. Horseman.

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STUDENT UNION EXPERIENCE OPPORTUNITY

Discipline, Interpretation and Enforcement Board (D.I.E. Board)

Requires:

- 5 student regular members
- 3 student alternates

Duties:

- acts as administrative tribunal for SU Constitution and By-laws
- has "court-like" powers
- investigates and tries alleged breaches of discipline
- enforces discipline among Students' Union members
- interprets SU Constitution and By-laws

Term of Office: 1 June, 1980 to 31 May, 1981

Deadline for Application: April 28, 1980

For Application and Information, Contact Patricia Haws at SU Executive Offices, Room 259 SUB, Phone 432-4236.

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